FOR A SILVER WEDDING. "There is surely a vein for the Silver" Out from the Earth's deep heart,

The pulse of its white-hot fountains Rending the rocks apart. And what so fair as the Silver Tried by the furnace test.

When the dross no more disguises, And it lies like a soul at rest? And what so bright as the Silver Aloft on the light-house height. When it gathers the rays in its bosom,

And sends them far through the night? And what so mighty as Silver, Linking the nations fast, Bearing the image of Cæsar.

To conquer the world at last? And what so fine as the Silver The festal board to grace With luxury, cheer and beauty, And mirror each smiling fac-

Oh. Friendship is finer than silver. And the faces round the boar Find our hearts a better mirror Than all of its shining hoard. And Love is more mighty than silver

That bindeth the nations fast; For Love holds hearts together, And its empire still shall last. And Home is brighter than silver,

For it gathers Love's own light, And the focus of its hearth-stone Is set on a beacon height. And Foith is fairer than silver;

Tried as silver is tried, In the furnace of time and trouble, Pure shall its peace abide

And deeper than the Earth's heart, Stronger, and richer veined, Is the heart of married lovers Whose love has long remained, We bring you an offering of silver.

But the Friendship and we Hearth's light, These are our gifts from you. We bring our offering of silver To this Silver-Wedding hour, But the Faith and the Love and the joined

Brought first its richest dower. The moon without is waning Unseen 'neath the ocean's rim: But here Love's light is shining,

O friends so tried and true;

Its honey-moon glow not dim. As the gleam of its first fair quarter Touches your heads to night, It turns our gratulation To prayers for its future light.

May it line each cloud with blessing, And bring you gifts untold, Till the alchemist Time shall gently Transmute the Silver to Gold! Helen W. Ludlow, in Harper's Weekly.

HIS NATAL STAR.

Why a "Scientist's" Sanity Was Called in Question.

My name is Jules Bertraud. I have lived in Paris all my life. It is the first ever been arrested. As my sanity has turned upside down. been called in question, and you, Mons. Barbierre, justly distinguished as an flashed across me. Instinctively I predicament without betraying his advocate, have kindly undertaken to defend me, I send you this truthful history of the circumstances which have led to my being thus incarrerated in the to the level of my chin. I caught it and insane cells of La Mazas.

I have purposely applied to you to conduct my defense, as you are not alone learned in the law; but have spent, like myself, whole nights in studying the complex systems of the stars, which but yesterday were under my feet, and tonight, as I write this in my gloomy cell, shine so brightly overhead. Perhaps you may have never noticed a

small star of about the thirtieth magnitude, which on very clear nights with a powerful telescope may be discovered almost midway between the constellations of the Pleiades and Ursa Major. It is the comparatively insignificant star called Perigo. It has a Portuguese name, an ominous one, signifying "peril," "hazard," "jeopardy." It is my natal star. Born under its direful influence, I have been subjected to it takes it nearly fifty years to complete it. His last words to me were: "Beware of Perigo when in perihelion. It will then possess its greatest power over me that it will materially change not only your mental but your physical be-

That warning was uttered fifteen years ago. I have never forgotten it. took my hands from it it arose rapidly the Borgias were wel known at the Pursuing, like my father, the study of and struck against the carpeted ceiling, time of their perpetration, and the astronomy. I was enabled to watch The cat woke up and ran and nested in Borgians were well known to be poisonthrough the long nights the steady, irresistible approach of that fateful up or down-whichever is right, and Except under conditions that would star, which was to have such an in- ran under the desk, fearful lest I might now be of very rare-almost impossible fluence upon my destiny.

You are well aware how I have strugcast. But I am not insane.

successful advocate and I the obscure its channels. I was feverish, but that the Great Spirit, called together all astronomer, had not then been linked in the bonds of friendship through our leaned out of the window and felt the them that he was about to give them a simultaneous discovery of a new planet. | cool breeze upon my fevered cheek. I king. The elephant and rhinoceros My wife's relatives, ever on the watch gazed again into the eternal depths would not do because they had too big to secure some pretext for her separa- below. There midway between the bellies and ate grass themselves. He tion from a man who brought her but Bear and the Pleiades was my natal would, therefore, appoint the lion king, little fortune, I could not trust. Even star. I had but to leap from the window and forbid him to eat his subjects. So from my wife herself I concealed to be carried at once toward it. Of it was done. In a few days the lion my growing, appalling apprehensions. what interest I might be to science if I became hungry and asked the hyena for It is perilous to confide a secret to could reach it! But I should never re- advice as to the best way of stilling his

woman. aware of the near approach of my natal be hurled back to earth a shapeless, in- their children." A few minutes later star to that great center of the solar distinguishable mass. system which ordinary men call the I became seized with a sudden desire was ill in bed came to the lion to ask sun, but which to us is merely one of to leave my study. I walked over to after his health. The lion netted the many planets around which systems of the door, but it was far above my head. child, killed it amt ate it. The boar befar greater immensity than ours re- The transom, however, was open; by a came worried by the long absence of the volve. It was then that I set myself to desperate spring I reached it, drew my- first child, and so sent another one to a calculation of the exact time when, in self up easily and crawled through. find it. This one, too, was killed and accordance with the inexorable laws of Arrived on the other side, I hung for a eaten by the lion. When the boar nature, the star Perigo would attain its moment by my hands and then let go. learned a'l this he called an assembly of perihelion with the sun of our system. It would have been dark but for the all grass-eating animals and induced A lengthy series of calculations had as- moon, whose mellow light came them to forsake the lion, who to this sured me of the fact that at or about through the glass roof of a covered day has remained their most hated midnight of the 17th of October, Perigo pass reway against which I had enemy. would be in the zenith.

sions, I at ten o'clock that night bade and then nothing could have saved me; my wife good-night, and, stooping over | but as it was the thick glass roof of the the cradle of our youngest born, im- passageway easily sustained me. printed upon its forehead what I I was moved by an indefinable in. The prisoner hangs his head and refuses thought might be perhaps my farewell stinct to go forward. You may think it to look up when asked to do so, or shuts kiss. I then shut myself in my study, was a curious journey, thus to be wan- his eyes and distorts his face. The closed the door tightly and sat down to dering around one's own house upside photographer makes a feint with the wait, unaided and alone, the coming of down, walking along the ceilings; but camera in sight, takes out the plate and

ble from thoughts of the impending dis- be at all ridiculous was the fact that riedly out of the room. The prisoner aster which I felt certain was about to the earth, the houses and the people in raises his head and looks pleasant. overwhelm me, I plunged at once into them were all upside down. I wondered He has outwitted the photographer. the solution of a problem, which had al- how the people could breath, and why Then the concealed camera gets in its ready caused me many sleepless nights. those houses, ho.ses and carriages did fine work and the rogue is still more While thus engaged, overcome with fa- not detach themselves and fall into the surprised and pleased at being told that tique of watching, I sank into a pro- deep

found slumber. I dreamed that I had I reached the rat of the nati and been suddenly taken very sick; that passed out on to the ceiling of the stairs. physicians had been called in; that I had I worked myself down to the wall of the died and had been stretched out upon a staircase, looking up every now and board for the purposes of an autopsy. then at the pattern of the carpets. 1 The hardness of the bed upon which I crossed the hall, stumbling against the had thus been laid disturbed my slum- chandelier. Several of the cr stals bers. I awoke, rubbed my eyes and sat were detached and fell to the pavement up. I did not at first realize where I with a loud crash. had happened to me. I looked around. in the little room to the right of the It was the same room in which I had hall, woke up and came out, candle in gone to sleep. The paper on the wall hand, rubbing his eyes sleepily. I was the same, to the very pattern. But trembled with fear, and dared hardly the room had been stripped of furniture, | move while he went through the rooms even to the carpet, and the floor had with his pistol looking for robbers. At been asleep? I stood up and walked to to his chamber. the window. I had left the top of it I became seized with an indefinable open for ventilation. My study, as you desire to escape from the house. The know, is a very lofty room. Whoever hall door was entirely beyond my reach; had divested it of furniture had also but again I could have resort to the closed the window at the top. To com- transom. If I could only reach the pensate for this he had opened it at the railings outside I might work my way bottom. I leaned over the sill and along them until I met some one. I looked out. The stars were shining far felt an inextinguishable longing to be away below me; yet the noises of the with you, the only man to whom I could street, which are never absent in Paris, explain my strange case, and of whose no matter how late the hour, fell dis- sympathy I could be certain. tinctly upon my ear. Again I glanced With much effort I forced the tranbelow, completely mystified. There, som, and creeping through, I hung for a shining in the azure depths, were the moment by my hands. I dared not look silver, twinkling stars, the familiar down into the fathomless abyss. A companions of my vigils. The earth single glance would have destroyed me. seemed to have melted beneath my feet. Wisely I forbore, and commenced to sion of me. Trembling violently, I fell railing. The inequalities in the woodupon my knees upon the hard, white- work and my light weight favored me. washed floor and prayed fervently. I The next instant my hand grasped the shut my eyes to keep out the horrid iron. I drew myself up until my head visions which oppressed me. Was I go- touched the stone coping, and planting ing mad? By degrees I became calmer. my feet upon the ornamented finish of I opened my eyes and cast them heaven- the fence. I worked my way along the wards, and the next moment had sprung | street. to my feet again, staggering back, open | It was now nearly two in the morn-

flies on an exaggerated ceiling.

time that I have ever been in conflict seemingly holding on to nothing, in a adjudged insane. with the police-the first time I have chamber which had been literally I beg of you to exert, therefore, your

slipped from me and like a balloon rose pulled it down. It was just at the strike of midnight.

It was the fateful hour. Perigo was

in perihelion. Brought under its tremendous influwithin that house, but I, Jules Bertraud, was walking upside down.

My soul was seized with a sudden tended with the risk of possible detecpanic. Rapidly I walked up and down tion. the ceiling. As I moved, coins, keys ever since. My father, who was as you and various articles fell rattling from my likely to escape detection would be know a celebrated astronomer, has calculated that its orbit is so vast that it against the lamp. If it had broken it I ptomaines of poisonous fungi. I do not could not have descended to extinguish believe, however, that there exists a you for evil. What effect it may have now realizing the awful influence of the organs affected, or by the extraction upon you at that time it is impossible star, I did not dare to venture, fearing from the corpse of the victim of the to surmise; something, however, tells that a false step might precipitate me poison itself, and by the study of its into those tremendous depths that like properties. a fathomiess ocean gleamed beneath me.

it. I cried: "Shush! Shush!" It looked ers, but their power protected them. fall and crush it. I, on my part, stood | -occurrence, such murders by poison staring stupidly and wondering why it could not be perpetrated. A Borgia gled against it. Sometimes I have did not fall into my outstretched arms. | would most inevitably be detected, exdreaded that it would temps me to the I experienced no unpleasant conse- posed and punished at the present day." commission of some dreadful crime. quences, physically, from my novel -Pittsburgh Dispatch. Dwelling on this, what wonder if my situation. My body, however, seemed mind should have assumed a morbid to have grown much lighter. It seemed as if I could not weigh more than fifty I could confide in no one. You, the pounds. My blood flowed naturally in African negroes: Rubanga Unkette, was from the heat of the chamber. 1 grass-eating animals and explained to turn, or if did it would be when Perigo hunger. The hyena said: "You may Two weeks ago I insensibly became having passed its perihelion I should not eat your subjects, but you may eat

dropped. Had I been of nominal A prey to the profoundest apprehen- weight I must have crushed through,

the world to me was upside down, and exclaims: "Oh, pshaw! that is spoiled!" To divert my mind as much as possi- the only thing that appeared to me to or words to that effect, and walks hur-

was, or the extraordinary things which | Pierre, the butler, who always sleeps been whitewashed. How long had I length he satisfied himself and returned

A dreadful feeling now took posses- climb up in the direction of the street

mouthed, wild-eyed, appalled. Above ing, and I am satisfied that I should me, not forty feet away, was the pave- have reached your door in safety if I had ment of the street in which I resided. not, in turning the corner, had the mis-Upon its stony surface men and women fortune to be espied by a policeman. walked, head downward, in the air, and This man, as you know, seeing me vehicles of all kinds passed by me in a standing on my head, thought me a masingular procession, the quadrupeds en- niac. He called up another policeman, gaged in drawing them appearing like and despite my entreaties I was carried off to the station. Being turned around Still I did not comprehend. While what they thought was the right way, my mental faculties remained unim- despite my attempts at explanation, in paired, my brain was slow to appreciate the hands of these igneramuses. I narrowthe marvelous change which had taken ly escaped suffocation. Conducted to the place in my physical constitution. It police station, they threw me into a cell, was not until I withdrew my head from where I fell with such force against the the window and glanced upward that I ceiling that I lost my senses. When began, faintly at first, but soon with all restored to consciousness two hours the intensity of my being, to realize the later I found myself sitting up on the prodigious thing which had happened to floor. The influence of Perigo had passed. I was again subordinate to the

On the ceiling of the room, all the law of terrestrial gravity. furniture of the apartment was arrayed | This, my dear Mons. Barbierre, is a precisely as I had left it two hours be- brief outline of my adventures. To you, fore when I had fallen asleep. There who know my family history and the was the desk with the inkstand into vindictiveness of my wife's relatives. I which I had dipped my pen. There was | make this confession. As a man who my heavy arm-chair, my stove, a ponder- reveres the truth and knows the increous weight, which I wondered did not dulity of the public, you will see the fall and crush me; my bookcase filled futility of stating the exact facts in the with books. Amazed, I looked at all case. I should never be believed. these things. Even the cat slumbered Worse, should 1 publish what I have on the hearth rug. How did she do it. here written, I should undoubtedly be

inexhaustible ingenuity in rescuing pulled out my watch, holding it open secret. Do this, and forever deserve Be clus the hull year thro', but then put savin' in my hand. To my amazement it the gratitude of your devoted friend,

JULES BARTRAUD.

Scientific Examination Can Always De-

Austyn Granville, in Chicago Journal. | Fergit your pocket-books an' give your hearts a EFFECTS OF POISONS.

tect Their Presence. According to Dr. William H. Greene. ence, the pitiful attraction of the earth of the University of Pennsylvania, the had been easily overcome. What my most painless polson is probably morfather had dreaded and dimly foreseen | phia or some similar narcotic. Second, had come to pass. Henceforth I was re- hydrocyanic or prussic acid is the most leased from the influence of the earth. rapidly fatal of all poisons in its ac-The gravity of Perigo, in my single in- tion. Third, chemical and physiologstance, was all powerful. Like a flash | ical tests may now be applied with such the real state of the case darted through | certainty to detect poison in food and my mind. I, not the earth, nor the drink, and in the human body after house upon the earth, nor the room death, that if scientific examination and judicial inquest be possible, the administration of almost any poison is at-

"The poisons which would be most the flames. Heat ascends. It was poison, or that one can exist that could stifling where I was, notwithstanding not be positively identified after death the open window, near which, indeed, either by the lesions produced in the

"I do not think that the people of any I took off my coat and laid it upon other age could have taught us any the whitewashed floor. The moment I thing in this matter. The crimes of

A Fable of the Dark Continent. Emin Pasha tells this fable of the the child of a highly-respected boar that

Trick Photography.

The camera that does the work for the rogues' gallery in New York City, says the Photographic Times, is concealed. he can go.

A HEARTY LAUGHIN' TIME. How We Tried Not to Keep Christmas, and How We Failed

better so.

mos' here.



oneasy way,

boys 'ud git,

over it vit:

makin' jokes.

drums an' things.

an' sort an' pull;

the day

sled.

tin' up in bed.

bones 'ud breck.

wuz Chris'mus day;

an' gorged with folks,

An' big tin horns an' ge carts an' keers an'

When I got back hum in the evenin'

HE GAVE A JUMP AND LANDED.

Ez I felt two tight arms givin' a bear-hug

Sech a time ez we had-sech hollerin'! you

ROMAIN'S LEGACY.

His Christmas Present to Mrs.

Blake and Her Children.

balmy as spring! Exquisite, if one had

some one to enjoy it with; but I'm lone-

you again, to tell you that the fault was

mine in that quarrel; and you are dead

-buried only last week, they tell me-

and I am back in Old Virginia, with

never a child or a chick to bid me wel-

"Dood-mornin', Mister Man; will you

As these words fell on his ear, Mr.

Romain turned and saw two little chil-

dren standing on the steps, a chicken

held tightly under the arm of one of

and a girl, exactly the same size. Blonde

tyes, with long, curling lashes, looked

cut eyebrows, and two little pug noses

turned up merrily from the little rosy

mouths that were always smiling be-

neath. No, not always; for there was a

MR. BOMAIN TURNED AND SAW TWO

frightened little quiver about them now, ster when the first bid of a tall, hand-

as their owners looked up timidly at some stranger carried the price far be-

CHILDREN.

earnestly regarding them.

we'll do now."

Mr. Romain.

please tum to ye nauction?"

them.

-Florence E. Pratt, in Judge.

NLY two days

until Christmas!

How different

this will be from

the one I looked

forward to this

vear!" thought

Mr. Romain as

he restlessly

paced the wide

porch of his

handsome

the air is-as

warm and

could hear us far an' near-

'raound my neck.

to Chris'mus day:

thoughts away-

troubles go-

tum, Mr. Man." ONEY wuz skerce that Chris'mus: we hadn't a cent to spare house. Fer foolish and wasteful presents that wasn't to eat nor wear.

queried Mr. Romain, gazing after them. her property that night. "Dey's po' Massa Blake chilluns, sah. Pa he carkilated an' guessed it wuz But we on'y thought o' th' shillin's an' not once o' little sign a note fur a genneman, an' he can't the property were very soon met, and On'y ez time kep' creepin' and vet scasely. Po' Miss' Blake!" Chris'mus wuz al-

I begun to wish it wuz over an' gone fer another An' I see that pa wuz bothered, he'd sech an not since the day he had had that quar- is a paper she must read." rel with Tom Blake, for it was that An' he alwas changed the subjic if the subjic same morning he had received a cable- sage, a few minutes later, to Mrs. Fer Joe kep' a tellin' constant what the other gram calling him to Europe to take Blake, she was greatly surprised; but, possession of a large estate left him, with the patience born of deep suffer-An' it made me feel so awful mean I hain't got and yesterday he had reached home for ing, she at once called the children to the first time since his hurried depart-Till at last I couldn't stand it, an' the day afore

I slipped aout awful quiet, an' I tuk the keers "I was just beginning my battle with the world then," he mused; "now I home despoiled of its treasures. Claar daown to the great big city, jist packed feel like a warrior, battle-scarred and The hull bilin' of um happy an' laughin' an I come to a noble buildin' with popcorn strung

was!" And taking up an old letter, a low basking in the last rays of the setting laugh burst from his lips as he read its witty allusions to an almost forgotten

The feller wuzn't haughty-proud, but 'ud hunt college scrape. An' I laid out thirty shillin' an' my arms wuz A very different look came into his face as he glanced down the pages of the next letter which met his eye, and haouse wuz dark an' still, the no But the moon wuz a-risin' noble over to old Tug read:

"MY DEAR FELLOW: After all, I find I can I peeked up soft to Joe's room an' slid the latch lend you that money. I have seen old Brown, and he is willing to give it if I mortgage the When I give a jump an' my packin's went flyin' Meadow Farm. I don't like mortgages, but we must save your home. Brown imagines there Fer there wuz pa a-standin' in front of a painted is coal under that land. I think not. I'll tell you a secret, though. I know there is under the field adjoining. "In ten years I hope to have money to open An' we heerd a hoot, an' there wuz Joe a squat-He give a jump an' landed, an' I thought my

> Farm to save your home, and you can repay me before the mortgage falls due. I had intended to settle both farms on Nellie as soon as we were married; so if any thing happens to me, my dear boy, you may consider Nellie and her interests your legacy from "Yours as ever,

> "To think I threw away a friendship like that!" almost groaned Mr. Romain, as he laid down the paper. Then a sudden thought struck him, and he hastily rang the bell.

Meadow Farm?" "Old Mr. Brown, sah; he got power- mamma, may be dere wasn't no nauc ful rich on dat farm. Yo' see, sah, hit's | tion!" got a coal-mine in it. Oh, yes, sah, he's

save my old home," thought Mr. Ro- came to her own room. main, sorrowfully. "I wonder if it the letter again-"a legacy to me!"

I'll never have a better-if I live till a hunderd Why, it seems fairly barbarous," bling so she could hardly use them, she Then suddenly an awful thought your brother scientist from his present Oh, neighbors! don't be stingy when it comes thought Mr. Romain, indignantly, as tore it open and read: he entered what had been the pleasant home of his friend Tom, and was so inclosed letter, written twelve years ago, by soon to be left desolate under the hands my friend and your husband, I think you will my friend and your husband, I think you will Let's have one hearty laughin' time an' let the of the auctioneer.

It was early in the day, but already gave me mine. the house was filled with neighbors who had come from miles around to attend the sale; and as Mr. Romain moved among them his ears were constantly greeted with remarks on the foolishness be to you a Merry Christmas, but with

of "signin' for people." Sick at heart, he entered the little your children not an unhappy one. I am kitchen back of the house, which was husband's friend, as yet unoccupied, save by Mrs. Blake's faithful old colored cook, Aunt Nancy.

"Where is your mistress, auntie?" Mr. Romain asked. There was a kindly ring in his voice that unlocked the old woman's bur- we have a home once more!"

blue-checked apron.

dened heart, and she sobbed aloud as she answered: "Oh, massa, she done took de chillr.ns, an' gon' to her cousin's Miss gone, thank God!" Rachel. It jest broke my po' ole heart

to see 'em go! But Miss' Blake say she pulling out Susanna Louise from under couldn't stand it here, an' dey have to his apron, "set down. Pickie, and tum go soon sure. Po' things! only de good on, folkses, an' les have Chrismus!"-Lord know what's to come of dem, she Anna Pierpont Siviter, in Santa Claus. some. Poor Tom! How I hoped to see | say."

"Oh, massa, hit's awful hard on missis, dis is. She went all over de house dis mornin' tryin' to say goodbye to it. De little ones a-clingin' to her kep' a pickin' up things. 'Mamma, dey won't take my wockin'-horse, will dey?' 'Mamma, will de nauction man | det my little chair?' dey ask. Missis tried to hol' back de tears an' speak chirk to dem chilluns, but when she come to her own room she say: 'You stay out here, darlings; mamma wants to go in here alone.' I took de chilluns, but presently I peek in de room, an' They were pretty children, too-a boy dere was my po' missis, a kneelin' 'fore massa's big arm-chair, wid her head a curls crowned each shining head; brown lyin' on de big family Bible dat she'd put on de chair; she had her arms frankly out from under straight, clear- around dat, an' she was cryin' softly.

"'Oh, my husbard!' she whispered over and over, an' den she say: " 'A fader to de faderless, a husband to de widow. Dear Lord, let dis cup

pass from me.' "I shet de do' den. By'm by she come out, all white an' tremblin', but she tried to smile on de chilluns as she led

dem down the walk. "Dose po' little things! Rosy was huggin' her rag doll an' trvin' to hide it under her apun, an' Romain was totin' Pickie, de chicken, clost in he arms. 'De nauction man can't take mamma's chillans, an' so he can't take ours,' dey'd keep sayin'."

"Romain?" repeated her visitor. "Yes, sah, Romain; dat's for a frien' of Massa Tom's. Massa not see him for years, but he talk a heap o' Mr. Romain.

"Thank God! Tom forgave me," whispered Mr. Romain, as he left the kitchen in response to the business-like tones of the auctioneer that now rang out clear and cold as he began offering the parlor furniture.

Great was the indignation of one spin-

the stern, handsome man who was so wond the sum she had mentally decided on, and he secured it without opposition. "Come to your what?" repeated Mr. Her feelings were soon shared by most of those present, for a similar "To our nauction," the boy explained. scene took place over almost every 'Papa's gone to Heaven, and we's goin' article offered for sale, from Mrs. Blake's to have a nauction; it's to det money, piano to Romain's rocking-horse. The

you see; we's goin' to sell all our sings. stranger outbid every one, and was soon Mamma says ye more ye fulkes come, ye sole possessor.

her--but we tan't hole ye horse. I dess | mine. "Did your mamma send you?" asked with any opposition, and so had set the | teous sprinkling of smiles, and serve dus very moderate figure. This Mr. Romain - Judge.

fought we'd help ask folkes. Please instantly outbid, and so secured the

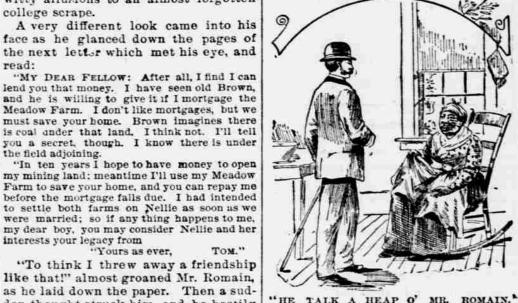
And smiling in a friendly but half- As soon as the auctioneer announced frightened fashion, the children trotted the close of the sale, Mr. Romain asked down the walk. As their little figures the astonished and disappointed crowd vanished, Uncle Peter came around the to please vacate the premises as soon as possible, as he had bought every thing "Who are those children, uncle?" for a lady who would take possession of

The people filed slowly out, and Mr. Yo' 'members I tole you how Massa Tom Romain was at last left alone with a done die las' week ; well dey's his twins. lawyer he had brought, the auctioneer Dey do say it's scan'lous how Miss' and the holder of Mr. Blake's unfortu-Blake's bein' treated. Massa Tom done nate obligation. All the claims agains. pay, an' dey is ter be a auction dere to- then, after seeing the gentlemen depart, morrow, an' Massa Tom not dead a week Mr. Romain hastened to the little kitchen.

That night Mr. Romain sat up late in "Go for your mistress, auntie," he his library, reading over letters and said, "and ask her to please bring the parers he had not seen in ten years- children and come back at once. There

When Aunt Nancy delivered this mesaccompany her, and went home wondering, as she walked along, how she was to endure the agony of seeing her

She had dreaded the sight of wagons lonely. How enthusiastic Tom and I and people moving her goods, and, as were then! how close our friendship she entered the gate, was astonished to see no one. Only Rollo, the old dog, lay



sun, and bounded up to meet them. "Uncle Peter," he said, "who owns | The children ran joyfully up the walk, what used to be Mr. Tom Blake's and at the sight of the rooms, when they entered, cried gleefully: "Why,

Mrs. Blake gave herself no time to think, but hastened from one room to "And Tom mortgaged that land to another, seeking the lawyers, until she fore poor Aunt Maria went crazy, and

How pretty and homelike it still could be that the check I sent from En- looked! There was her husband's big gland did not get to him in time? In arm-chair, still drawn up to the table, any case he's dead, and Nellie and the just as she had left it; the family Bible children penniless, and-" glancing at still lay on its seat, but on it lay some- charity." Mr. Wickwire-"Well, that "An auction almost at Christmas evel the big envelope. With fingers trem- after this when I ask you for a dollar

"MY DEAR MRS. BLAKE: When you read the not deny it is my right to give you the inclosed deeds, etc., securing to you your home. He "I find Mr. Brown hurried this sale to secure

the land adjacent to his coal-mine. It is very valuable, and in a few years will make you "And now, my dear friend, to morrow can not

brave cheerfulness I hope you will make it to "Very sincerely your friend, as I was your "JOHN ROMAIN."

"A father to the fatherless, a husband She was sitting on a split-bottomed to the widow." Once again the words chair, rocking herself to and fro, and fell from the lips of the weeping woman, occasionally wiping her eyes with her who for the second time that day knelt by the old arm-chair. Then clasping her children in her

arms, she cried: "Thank God with me, my darlings

"And is de nauction clear gone away, mamma?" Romain asked, anxiously. "All gone, my treasure; every bit

"Then," said little Romain, carefully

A CURIOUS STORY.



curious story Of Santa Claus. Once, so they He set out to find what people were kind Before he took presents their way.

HEARD such .

give but to To those who make presents To his band of

bright officer-elves. Go into the homes of the happy, Where pleasure stands page at the door; Watch well how they live and report what they give

To the hordes of God's hungering poor. Keep track of each cent and each moment-Yea, tell me each word, too, they use To silver-line clouds for earth's suffering And tell me, too, when they refuse."

Though never a soul of us knew-And with pencil and book they sat by us and took Each action, if false or if true. White marks for the deeds done for others.

So into our homes flew the fairies-

Black marks for the deeds done for self, And nobody hid what he said or he did, For no one, of course, sees an elf. Well, Christmas came all in its season,

And Santa Claus, so I am told, With a very light pack of small gifts on his And his reindeer all left in the fold, Set out on a leisurely journey— And finished ere midnight, they say—

And there never had been such surprise and Before on the breaking of day

As there was on that bright Christmas morn When stockings and cupboards and shelves Were ransacked and sought in for gifts that

were not in; But wasn't it fun for the elves? And what did I get? You confuse me; I got not one thing, and that's true; But had I suspected my actions detected I would have had gifts. Wouldn't you? -Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Judge.

A Christmas Recipe.

Take about eight quarts of unselfishmore we'll det money; and if dere's He even became the owner of the larm ness and unadulterated charity; mix enough, we's not goin' to sell my wockin' and stock, the only active bidder against briskly with a liberal supply of generoshorse. I'se dot Pickie, dis here chickie, him being the representative of Mr. ity, kindliness and forbearing love. safe-me and Rosy take turns hold'n' Brown for the field adjoining his coal- Simmer gently over a slow fire of forgiveness, good-will and good-fellowship. Mr. Brown had not expected to meet Put in a dash of cheerfulness and a plenlimit his representative was to pay at a piping hot with your Christman dinner.

PITH AND POINT.

-There are two things that always make a man dream-mince pie and love.

 Atchison Globe. -Youthful Customer-"Do you shave

up or down?" Barber-"Well, in your case, sir, I'll have to shave down." -"The world is full of poets who never wrote a line," says an exchange. Very well; let it remain so.-Ram's

Horn. -"Have you a license?" asked a boy of a wheelman. "A license?" asked the bicyclist, in astonishment "What do I need a license for?" "To pedal."

-Customer-"Will these goods wash?" Epstein (injuredly)-"Vash? Vash? Mine friendt, dose goods vould stand a Turkish bath efery morning!"-American Grocer. There is no alarm clock like a six-

with the baby is that you can never tell when the blamed thing is going off. -Somerville Journal. -Ethel-"How do you manage to distinguish the men you wish to marry from those who really love you?" Maud -"Those who really love me make such

months-old baby. The only trouble

awful fools of themselves."-N. Y. Herald. -Chappie-"There goes 'Miss Montgomery, cut her dead." Chollie-"Aw, what did she do?" Chappie-"Dwedful bad form, don't cher know? She wore a tea gown the other night while she

drank coffee. -Newsboy-"Yer's yer evenin' paper! All about the robbery! One cent!" Haicede-'Gimme one. (After careful reading): Guess the kid was right. I have been robbed of one cent."-Indian-

apolis Journal. -Tramp (facetiously)-"Can't you gimme a bite to eat, mister? I've been travelin' on half-fare from the last village." Farmer-"Waal, ye kin continue your trip without any fare of mine!"-

Harper's Bazar. Briggs-"Have you heard the latest? Robinson has eloped with a chambermaid." Griggs-"Heavens! What made him do that?" Briggs-"I understand she brought him an extra towel when

he asked for it.—Brooklyn Life. -"I might remark," said the young man who had met with persistent and repeated refusals, "that you are one of the wisest young women I ever met." "Why?" "Because you seem to 'no'

every thing."-Washington Post. -Thirteen Months. -He-"That nocturne was beautifully executed, Miss Edith. May I ask how long you have been practicing Chopin?" She-"Oh! let me see; I began about a month beshe's been in the asylum a year."-Dem-

orest's Monthly. -Mrs. Wickwire-"At the meeting of the sisterhood last night we decided to each give ten per cent. of her income to thing she had not left there, and as she is a very praiseworthy resolution, my picked it up she read her own name on dear." Mrs. Wickwire-"I think so; and don't you think you ought to give me a dollar and ten cents?"-Indianapolis

Journal. -These Women .- "You are looking rather sour this morning, Jack." "I had a little quarrel with my wife before coming out." "There's no getting along with some of these women. Breakfast late?" "No, she wanted me to give her twenty-five dollars to buy herself a winter jacket." "And you couldn't give it to her?" "No; I've got only fifty dollars for my own over-

coat."-Cape Cod Item. -Forestalling Him.-"Hello, Shadbolt! Fine day, isn't it? Speaking of the weather, by the way-" "Yes, I know, Dinguss. Speaking of the weather, Old Probs says there is going to be a change, and, speaking of a change, reminds you that you came away from home this morning and left your pocketbook in your other clothes. So did I, Dinguss; so did I. It won't work this time. Good-morning, Dinguss."-Chi

WITTY WILLS.

cago Tribune.

Jokes Perpetrated by Humorous Testa-

One might suppose that will-making was any thing but a merry occupation, and yet the drollery of the wills that some eccentric old fellows have left behind them could hardly be surpassed. Dean Swift could not have concocted a more bitter joke than that of the testator who, after reciting the obligations he was under to a particular friend, bequeathed to him, at the bottom of the first page of his will, 10,000-dollars, of course, thought the delighted legatee; but, on turning the leaf, the bequest was discovered to be 10,000 thanks What a wet blanket for "great expecta-This year I will | tions!"

Just as odd was the codicil of the death-stricken humorist who left to certain of his dear relatives "as many acres of land as shall be found equal to the area inclosed by the track of the center head, old Santa of the oscillation of the earth in a revolution round the sun, supposing the mean distance of the sun to be 21,600 semi-diameters of the earth from it." This was a century ago; and as the problem could not be satisfactorily worked out, the legatees were kept at a mean distance from the property all their lives.

A very neat reproach was conveyed in the will of an nucle who bequeathed eleven silver spoons to his nephew. with the remark: "If I have not left him the dozen he knows the reason;" the young scapegrace having stolen the twelfth spoon some time before. - Minneapolis Tribune.

WHAT WAS UP.

The Rapid Rise of Water in "God's Coun

Where the outlet leaves Lake Quinault, in the State of Washington, the orifice is not large enough, in case of a sudden freshet, to carry off the water; and, at times, during the spring rains, the water rises rapidly. One instance, where it is said to have risen sixteen feet in three hours, furnished rather an amusing incident. A man whom a neighbor had furnished with a "grub stake" wrote to his benefactor the day before this freshet: "I have erected a cabin on the bank of the lake and am now clearing off a spot for a garden. I have found God's country at last, and expect to end my days right here. Send nore flour and bac

The surprise of the benefactor can be better imagined than told, when, the next day after receiving the letter, he met his man, armed cap-a-pie with his skillet, frying-pan, coffee-pot and camp equipage, "hoofing it" down the beach. "Well," said he, "what's up?" "Why, the cursed lake's up, and I don't propose to stay in a country where the water rises so fast that you can't climb a tree ahead of it." And he never went back.-West Shore.